

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## THE INCREASE OF THE SUNDAY JOURNAL'S CIRCULATION.

The circulation of a newspaper is always an interesting subject. It appeals to the business man who seeks in its columns the widest publicity. It has a value to the reader, whose enlistment in the army of its patrons gives him a personal concern in the welfare of the paper.

The circulation of the Sunday Journal is particularly interesting. It is 150,000 more than any other Sunday paper published on the face of the earth. There are many newspapers that would be satisfied to print 150,000 papers altogether—a pretty good circulation by itself. It is not the Journal's Sunday circulation alone that we want to emphasize, but its excess over any other Sunday paper in New York, in America, or in the world. It leads all its contemporaries by not less than 150,000.

The increase of the Sunday circulation of the Journal is not spasmodic. It is a steady, continual, healthy growth. The gain is sometimes as low as 3,000 per Sunday, and sometimes as high as 15,000, but it is always an advance. Since the first of the year the circulation of the Sunday Journal has increased as follows:

SUNDAY.		INCREASE.
January	8	3,226
"	15	3,425
"	22	5,220
"	29	8,940
February	5	4,544
"	12	6,458
"	19	4,646
"	26	16,641
March	5	7,486
"	12	12,160
"	19	9,744
"	26	6,853

Total increase..... 89,343

The possibilities of Sunday journalism are beyond any certain calculation. In time the high water mark of circulation may be one million. Whatever the goal is the Journal will reach it, and will continue to print at least 150,000 more papers than its nearest competitor.

There is no secret about the marvellous growth of this newspaper. Our humblest reader can explain it. The Journal strives to publish the facts and features better and earlier than any other newspaper. It does not consider the cost. If there is a decisive battle to be fought in the Philippines James Creelman, the Journal's special commissioner, is there to report it. His brilliant description of the recent series of engagements between the American troops and the insurgents was the graphic and complete story published. It covered three pages of yesterday's Journal. Mr. Creelman is the only correspondent of note at Manila, and the quality of his work proves the wisdom of having him there.

There is no issue of the Sunday Journal that does not cover the field of human endeavor. It mirrors the advanced thought of the world. It gives the first news of inventions that revolutionize industrial conditions. It carries the messages of scientists, whose discoveries stamp out disease and prolong life. It touches upon every phase of existence. Nothing that is novel, unique, original, striking but is pictured in the Sunday Journal.

For instance, yesterday's Sunday Journal printed exclusively a description of the wonderful life-giving discovery, the secret of artificial air, with a striking description by the discoverer, Georges F. Joubert, of France, in a communication to the Journal, says: "It will soon be regarded universally as beneficial a contribution of science to humanity as was anaesthesia—the monumental scientific triumph of the century."

That the people find what they want in it is evidenced in the fact that its circulation is greater by 150,000 than any of its rivals.

The best is none too good for the Journal's readers. The finest literary talent is at their service. The leaders of political thought find in the Sunday Journal an audience, in point of numbers and intelligence, that appeals to them irresistibly. When William Jennings Bryan has a policy to promulgate, or a paper to contribute, it will be found exclusively in the Sunday Journal. Ex-Senator Ingalls discusses in the Sunday Journal, in his incisive way, men and measures. The sketches of the inimitable "Mr. Dooley," pronounced by the London press as Artemus Ward's successor, are always a feature of the Sunday Journal.

These are some of the reason why the Sunday Journal's circulation is 150,000 greater than any other newspaper.

But there are other reasons. Davenport's cartoons, the most powerful and scathing portrayals of public characters and public abuses, ever drawn, are made only for the Journal. Edgar Saltus, Alan Dale, Jessie Wood, Winifred Black and other special writers of acknowledged skill are regular contributors.

The comic supplement is the best; the literary reviews are the freshest; the social news is the most interesting; the pictures are the work of the finest artists.

What better assurance could be had that all this expenditure of money, this employment of the best talent, this complete gleaning of the news fields of the world is appreciated when one realizes the tremendous circulation of the Sunday Journal.

The reason it prints 150,000 more copies a day than any other paper on earth must be due to its superior excellence.

### THE FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

If there has been any disposition to find fault with General Otis on the score of tardiness in forcing the fighting against the Filipinos, the series of recent battles removes all grounds for criticism. The advance was perfectly planned and brilliantly executed. The American troops fought with unexampled vigor and courage. They marched across the open country facing the enemy entrenched in strong positions and drove them from their defenses. They forded a river under a murderous fire from the insurgents, who were behind barricades, and routed them.

There was a splendid rivalry between the regulars and the volunteers, between the boys from Oregon and the boys from Pennsylvania. Every regiment did its duty, and there were many cases of individual heroism. The scenes as described by Mr. James Creelman, the Journal's special commissioner, vividly picture the various battles. Credit must be given the Filipinos for the determined stand they made. They fought with an energy born of desperation, but they found it impossible to resist the onslaught of the American troops.

These defeats must impress upon Aguinaldo that he is leading a lost cause. His forces have been divided, his men slain by the thousands, and certain capture awaits him. It is stated in the despatches that before the recent engagements he asked General Otis for terms. The General's answer was: "Unconditional surrender."

Many of our own brave fellows have fallen. It is a dreadful sacrifice of lives made sacred by their bravery and fidelity, but American sovereignty in the Philippines must be acknowledged, and let us hope that the bitter lessons that are being taught the Filipinos will answer for all time.

### PROBING THE 'BEEF' SCANDAL.

The court of inquiry's investigation of the army beef scandal is drawing to a close. Innumerable witnesses have confirmed every charge made by General Miles in the interview first published in the Journal. The private soldiers and the officers were equal sufferers from the rancid, poisonous stuff put up in cans, labelled "roast beef," and furnished by the Chicago packers as an army ration under orders from the Commissary Department.

Those whose health was endangered and whose lives were imperilled by this nauseating mass of muscle, tallow and shredded meat have sworn to the truth before the court of inquiry. No denials from the Beef Trust, which profited by this iniquity; no protestations of ignorance on the part of the officials whose duty it was to provide clean, wholesome food for the troops; no amount of trickery by the cabal organized to destroy General Miles can convince the people that this unfit beef was not deliberately furnished by profit-seeking contractors in alliance with corrupt officials.

Within the past week an officer of the War Department has been publicly reprimanded by Alger on the charge of securing testimony to prove General Miles's accusation. The whole force of the Administration, including many subservient party organs, has been employed to weaken the testimony given before the court of inquiry, but the proof is overwhelming.

What course will the President take if the court decides that General Miles's charges have been sustained? Alger is still a member of his Cabinet, and Egan, convicted of blackguardism, is the generous recipient of his favor. Has he the courage to deal with these incompetents according to their deserts?

### CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

**THE RECEPTION** that General Miles got at Springfield, Mass., on his arrival last Saturday, is a fair example of how the great mass of the people feel about his controversy with the War Department. The streets through which he passed were thronged with cheering crowds, and many buildings were decorated. It needs no sycophant to interpret certain signs.

**OUR FRIENDS** in dear old London are highly agitated over the intention of two of the metropolitan papers to issue Sunday editions. It is intended to stop the attempt either by direct legislation or by preventing the postal authorities from giving circulation to the Sunday papers. We invite the good people of London to peruse the Sunday Journal and become educated to the possibilities of Sunday editions.

**THE THREATENED RUPTURE** between France and England in Africa has been safely averted by an amicable division of spoils. All that was left to grab on the Dark Continent was cut up and divided. It is not difficult to make peace as long as there are heathens left to pay indemnity to both sides.

**HEER BECKEL**, Germany's great Socialist leader, is telling the people of Berlin some painful truths about gambling and cheating in the "upper circles" of the capital. The Kaiser's own brother-in-law and three other princes are involved in the scandal. No wonder the Emperor persists in carrying the chip on his shoulder. His princelings need occupation—and incidentally a few of them need killing off.

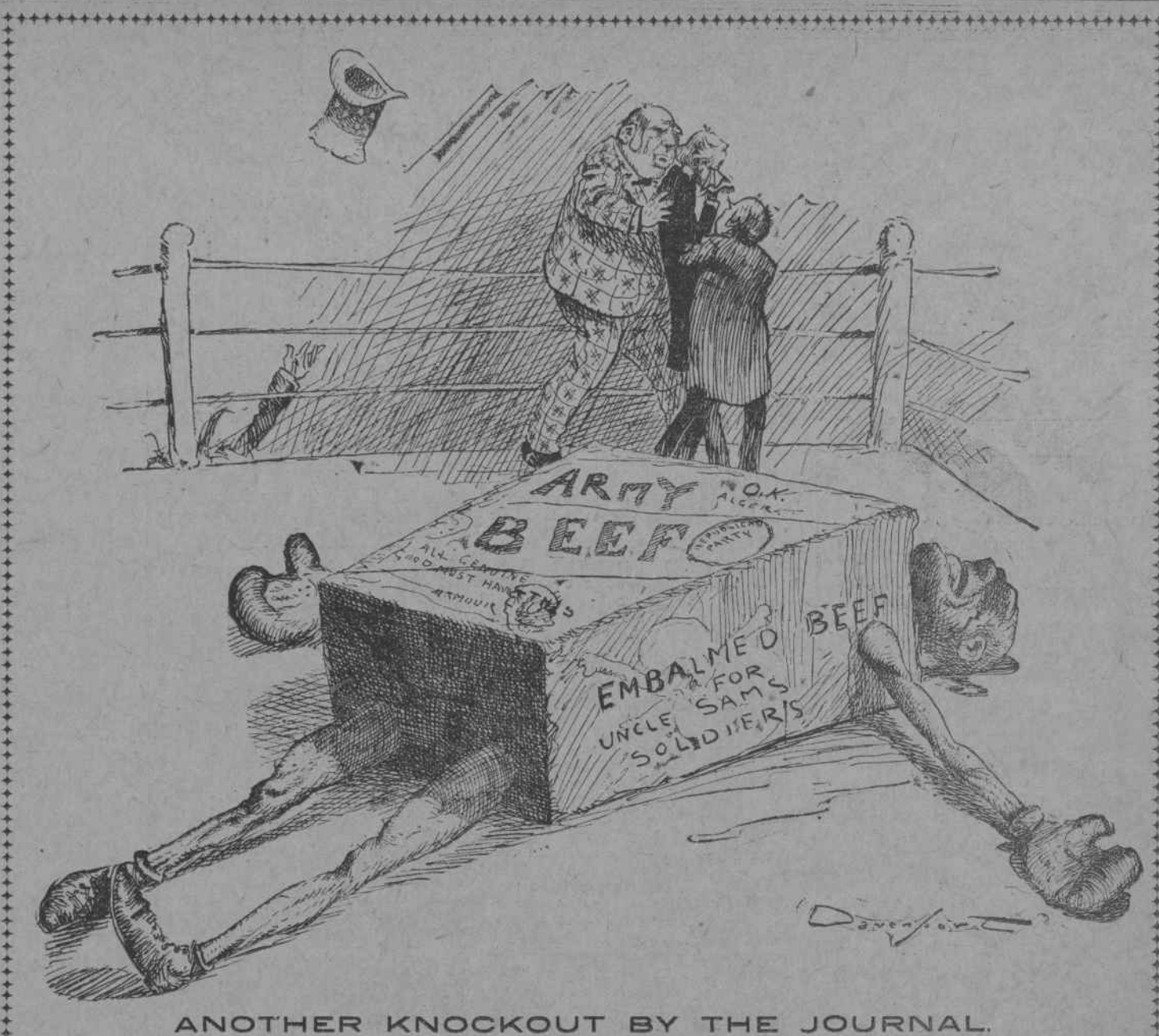
**THE PROCEEDINGS** preliminary to the final adoption of the official baseball schedule at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last week were characterized by scenes of rowdism that throw discredit upon the men who manage our great national game. Mr. Hart, of Chicago, and Mr. Rogers, of Philadelphia, nearly succeeded in breaking up the meeting. New York is not alone in its affliction.

**A KICK IS AS GOOD AS A WINK** to the patriots for revenue only who call themselves the Cuban Military Assembly. It is officially announced that they have decided to dissolve.

**WITH ALGER'S BUSINESS PARTNER** on that junketing trip to Cuba, and Alger having practical control of all concessions on the island, there might be ground for the suspicion that "throwing an anchor to windward" would be part of the pleasure programme.

**WITH THE LOBBIES** of the Astoria Gas Company, the street railways and other corporations, it cannot be said that the legislative market at Albany has shown any signs of sagging.

**IT IS EVIDENT** THAT AGUINALDO will never surrender until he is assured of a permanent place on the pension rolls.



ANOTHER KNOCKOUT BY THE JOURNAL.

## MOST POPULAR BOOK OF THE WEEK. AN EXHAUSTIVE REVIEW BY HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

**M**YSTERY is the charm that impresses minds most intensely. There is no beauty without mystery. What we prefer is the unknown. "The Two Magics" is the book of the week at Wamaker's.

In this book are ghosts, a governess, two children, old mansions of England, lords, an American of Missouri Top, and love and money. They are in two phases, one grave, the other light, as masques in a carnival. The first is "The Turn of the Screw," because:

"I quite agree—in regard to Griffin's ghost, of whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it's not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have involved a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw, what do you say to two children?"

A woman of twenty years, the daughter of a poor country parson, takes charge of the nephew and niece of a handsome, wealthy man of London, who has no affection for them. They have come to him from India by the death of a younger brother.

They are in an ancient country house at Bly with several servants and a housekeeper. The condition imposed upon the governess by the guardians is, "That she should never trouble him—never, never; neither appeal, nor complain, nor write about anything."

She is to meet all questions herself, receive all money from his solicitor, take the whole thing over and let him alone. She falls in love with him, but the story does not tell that in any literal, vulgar way. She sees him (twice, accepts her mission and goes to Bly. She writes:

"As my little conductress, with her hair of gold and her frock of blue, danced before me round corners and pattered down passages, I had the view of a castle of romance inhabited by a rosy sprite, such a place as would somehow, for diversion of the young idea, take all color out of story books and fairy tales. Wasn't it just a story book over which I had fallen a-doze and a-dream? No! It was a big, ugly, antique, but convenient house, embodying a few features of a building still older, half-replaced and half utilized, in which I had the fancy of our being almost as lost as a handful of passengers in a great, drifting ship. Well! I was strangely, at the helm."

Flora is eight years of age and Miles ten. He has an "indiscreet little air of knowing nothing in the world but love." He has been dismissed from school. The governess, because of her charge and of a habit of mental analysis—which Henry James caught from Stendahl—is troubled by that dismissal. Miles does not explain it. The governess does not ask him to explain it. She thinks of the guardian:

"One of the thoughts that, as I don't like to be mislead, these wanderings was that it would be as charming as a charming story suddenly to meet some one. Some one would appear there at the door."

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turn of a path and would stand before me and smile and approve. I didn't ask more than that. I only asked that he should know; and the only way to be sure that he knew would be to see it, and that the kind light of it, in his handsome face, that was exactly present to me by which I mean the face was—when, on the first of these occasions, at the end of a long June day, I stopped short on emerging from one of the plantations and coming into view of the house.

There is a face, but not the one that she had in mind. It has curly red hair, a long face, and strange, small fixed eyes. She describes the apparition to the housekeeper, who cries, "Quint."

And Quint, the master's former valet, is dead. She sees him again at the window peeping into the room where the children play, and is persuaded that the spectre is looking for them. This preys on her mind. Later she sees another apparition, of a woman in black this time. She is Miss Jessel, her predecessor as governess, surely.

I got hold of Mrs. Grose as soon after this as I could; and I can give an intelligible account of how I fought out the interval. Yet I still hear myself cry as I fairly threw myself into her arms: "They know—it's too monstrous! They know, they know!"

"And what on earth?"—I felt her incredulity as she held me. "Why, all that we know—and heaven knows what else besides!" Then, as she released me, I made it out to her, made it out perhaps only now with faint cogency even to myself. "Two hours ago, in the garden—I could scarce articulate—"

"Flora said?"

Mrs. Grose took it as she might have taken a blow in the stomach. "She has told you," she panted.

"Not a word—that's the horror. She kept it to herself! The child of eight, that child!" I uttered still, for me, was the stupefaction of it.

Every action of Flora and Miles that is not very ordinary is an evidence to the governess of that acquaintance with the ghosts of Quint and of Miss Jessel.

Once Miles goes in the night to the lawn and Flora looks through the lattice of her window. Miles explains why he did it by saying: "Just exactly in order that you should think me—for a change—bad."

She watches the children closely, she does not leave them an instant. They reply innocently to her questions, but that is because they are perverts. The ghosts have corrupted them. She knows that Miles must have been dismissed from school for that reason. One day she sees the ghost of Miss Jessel, and indicates it to Flora, saying:

"She's there, you little unhappy thing—there, there—and you see her as well as you see me!" I had said shortly before to Mrs. Grose that she was not at these times a child, but an old, old woman, and that description of her could not have been more strikingly confirmed than in the way in which, for all answer to this, she simply showed me, without a concession, an admission, of her eyes, a countenance of deeper and deeper, of indeed, suddenly quite fixed repulsion.

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Flora falls ill and the housekeeper takes the girl away, leaving Miles in charge of the governess.

"They are in my ears still, his supreme surrender of the name and his tribute to my devotion. 'What does he matter now, my own? What will he ever matter? I have you!' I hunched at the beast. 'But he has lost you forever.' Then, for the demonstration of my work, 'There, there!' I said to Miles.

But he had already jerked straight around, stared, glared again, and seen but the quiet face. With the stroke of the loss I was so proud of he uttered the cry of a creature hurled over an abyss, and the grasp with which I recovered him might have been that of catching him in his fall. I caught him; yes, I held him—it may be imagined with what a passion; but at the end of a minute I began to feel what it truly was that I held. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.

Miles does not die. His death is another hallucination of the governess, for her tale, logical as it is, is not true. The children are only children, not perverted by ghosts, as she says. They have not seen Quint or Jessel in specter. Nor has she.

I tell this secret of Henry James, because I know very well that many persons will not accept it as the true secret of his story. He has written it to prove how reasonably a sensitive mind led into visions may come to absurd conclusions. It is the art of the story that dissimulates the purpose of it. There are disputes about that. There are readers who say that Henry James wished deliberately to write a weird tale. Admire the author's ability. Humanity attaches itself passionately only to works that are, in part, obscure, and that may be subjected to diverse interpretations.

The second story in "The Two Magics" presents an American visiting a castle:

She is indeed an apparition—a presence requiring announcement and explanation just in the degree in which it seemed to show itself in a relation quite of its own to all social preliminaries. It evidently either assumed them to be already over or wished to forestall them altogether. What was clear, at any rate, was that it allowed them her journey. It might have proclaimed her so a pilgrim or so set her up as a priestess.

She is Mrs. Grace Dew and has just arrived, but she knows a great deal more of the castle and of all the treasures in it than its lawful heir. His property is mortgaged, and there is apparently no way of its retaining it except by marriage with Miss Prodmore, whose father offers her heart. She has already reserved it for a man of wealth named Hall Pegg. Of course, the American buys the castle and marries the nobleman. But the dialogues are witty.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

## MR. DOOLEY APPRECIATED IN LONDON. HAILED AS SUCCESSOR TO ARTEMUS WARD.

(From the London Spectator.)

**T**HOUGH no name appears on the title page of "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," it is an open secret that the author is Mr. Dooley, of the Chicago Journal, and in Mr. Dooley we have no hesitation in saying America now owns a humorist who wields the shafts of ridicule with as unerring aim as the immortal but temporarily forgotten Artemus Ward himself. Out of the welter of the recent war many figures have emerged into notoriety, but few have achieved fame. In this latter and limited category Admiral Dewey easily holds the first position among the men of action; administrative capacity of a high order has been shown by General Wood, the Governor of Santiago; while in the domain of criticism "Mr. Dooley" has eclipsed all competitors by his mingled satire and sagacity. Mr. Dooley, let it be precisely supposed to be a well-to-do elderly Irish saloon keeper in the "Archie Road," in Chicago, who has never been out of his ward for twenty-five years but twice. "He reads the newspapers with solemn care, heartily hates them, and accepts all they print for the sake of drowning Hennessy's rising protests against his logic." Hennessy, it should be added, is a complotist, who acts as interlocutor, but though each of the chapters is cast in the form of a dialogue, Mr. Dooley has matters very much his own way. The first monologue is devoted to diplomacy, in which the superiority of Spanish methods is convincingly established in an imaginary war of wits between Senor Sagasta

and the President, but it is in dealing with the preparations for the campaign and the conduct of hostilities that Mr. Dooley gives us the true taste of his quality. "We go into this war," says Mr. Dooley, discussing "some army appointments," "if ever we do go into it, with the most fashionable army that ever creased its pants." And he proceeds to give an interview between President McKinley and a New York "dude" who comes to be examined for the army. Mr. Willie Dooselberry satisfies the President that he is a good golf player, that he is a member of four clubs and gets his trousers from England, and is forthwith appointed a brigadier-general. But there is a slight drawback:

"I fear I can't go to the front immediately," he says, "my pink-silk pajamas haven't arrived." He says, "Well," says Mack, "wait for them," he says, "I'm anxious to find this horrible war," he says, "which has cost me many a sleepless night," he says, "but 'twould be a crime for me to stand a soldier unprepared to battle," he says, "Wait for the pajamas," he says, "This on to war," he says, "an' let me watch word be, 'Raynember your manners,' he says."

Mr. Dooley never misses a point, though he often presses it home rather cruelly. Thus Mr. McKinley's evangelizing plea for expansion is satirized in the rumor that the President is "arranging a knee drill, with the 'lady-praying' the villagers to the drill." The "untenable rectitude" of the "prayers for victory" is exposed in an audacious account

of a deadly conflict between the "powerful preach," in navies of the "two countries." In this we read how to meet the bishops of "Barralona," Havana and Madrid, "all battle ships by the first class," the Americans dispatched "the Bishop of New York," the Bishop of Philadelphia, the Bishop of Baltimore, the Bishop of Chicago, accompanied by a flying squadron of Methodists, three Presbyterian monitors, a fleet of Baptist submarine destroyers, an formidable array of Universalist anti-Unitarian torpedo boats, with a Jew ram. Mance time, the Bishop of Manila had fired a solid prayer weighing a ton at San Francisco, an' a masked battery of Congregationalists replied, 'Indictin' severe damage.' More effective, because less extravagant, is the account of a mutual admiration banquet given by the Prosperity Brigade, which opened with a prayer "that Providence might remain under the protection of the Administration," and at which General Shafter begins his speech by observing: "Glutenium," says he, 'gives me a great pleasure,' he says, 'to be present in the midst of so many an' so various virtues,' he says."

One cannot help wondering that the Americans should have stood this shower of sarcasm with much perfect equanimity. In Germany Mr. Dooley would have been infallibly interned in a fortress, while in France his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase.

Mr. Dooley's philosophy is printed in New York only in the Journal. His latest contribution to the humor of the day will appear in the editorial section of the Journal of Sunday next.

### Research.

Night and day the great mathematician labored, scarcely pausing to eat; that being the usual practice, we believe, of mathematicians in pursuit of their calling.

"A moment more," he would say to himself, if his heart began to fail him, "and I shall be the discoverer of something else the figures 1890 will make when combined in some other way!"

In the meantime the world was waiting, breathlessly.—Detroit Journal.